

THE RUTLAND HERALD.

(From the N. Y. Weekly Messenger.)

HUMANITY.

Kind Heaven! all thy hand-beauties,
Never taught this soul humanity.
Let mere mortals interpose,
And teach me by adversity.

What curse is like a human soul,
Which never sweet sympathy can know;
Where tears of pity never fall.
But here unmove the tale of woe!

Where friendship never with social joys,
Can cause life's rule so sweetly mild;
But hatred, with discordant voice,
Holds boundless Passion rule the soul.

Where virtue never can find a place,
To fit her temple there to dwell;
But vice, with all her vipers race,
Is welcome'd from the gates of hell!

Almighty power I seek that down—
Saves this unfeeling heart;
Or shew me in oblivion's tomb,
Unto let a being's part.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Philadelphia Saturday News.

DILLY JONES; OR, THE PROGRESS OF IMPROVEMENT.

One of the most difficult things in the world is to run before the wind; and, by judiciously observing the changes of the weather, to avoid being thrown out. Fashion is so unstable, and improvements are so rapid, that the man whose vocation yields him an abundant harvest now, may, in a few years, if he has not a keen eye, and a plastic versatility, find that his skill and his business are both useless. Many were the poor barbers shipwrecked by the tax upon hair powder, and numerous were the leather breeches makers who were destroyed by the triumph of woolens. Their skill was doubtless very great, but it would not avail in a contest against the usages of the world; and unless they had the capacity to strike out a new course, they all shared the fate of their commodities, and retired to the dark cellars of popular estimation. Every day shows us the same principle of change at work, and no one has more reason to reflect and mourn about it than one Dilly Jones of this city. Dilly is not perhaps precisely the man who would be chronicled by the memoir writers of the time, or have a monument erected to him if he were no more; but Dilly is a man of a useful though humble vocation, and no one can saw hickory with more classic elegance, or sit upon a cobstone and take his dinner with more picturesque effect.

Yet, as has been hinted above, our hero has his sorrows, particularly at night, after a hard days work, when his animal spirits have been exhausted by reducing gum logs to the proper measure. In the morning he is full of life and energy, feeling as if he could saw a cord of shot-towers, and snap the pillars of the Bank across his knee like pipe stems. In the fall dash of confidence at that time of day, reflection batters against him in vain; but as the night draws on, Dilly becomes despondent, and has unhappily recourse to three cent tinctures, which, in his case, only adds a keener edge to thought. One night, Dilly was going home rather late and rather swipy; and his despondent reflections were uttered aloud, so complete was his abstraction.

"Sawing wood's going all to smash," said he, "and that's where every thing goes what I speculate in. This here coal is doing us up. Ever since these black stones was brought to town, the wood-sawyers and pliers, and them soap-fat and hickory ashes-men has been going down; and, for my part, I can't say as how I see what's to be the end of all their new-fangled contraptions. But it's always so; I'm always breaking out of the little end of the horn. I began life a comfortable sort of a way; selling oysters out of a wheel barrow, all clear grit, and did'nt owe nobody nothing. Oysters went down slick enough for a while, but at last sellers were invented, and darn the oyster, no matter how nice it was pickled, could poor Dill sell; so I had to eat up capital and profits myself. Then the 'peepie pot-smoking' was set up, and went ahead pretty considerably for a time; but a parcel of fellows come into it, said my cat wasn't as good as theirs, when I know'd they was as fresh as any cat in the market; and peepie pot was no go. Bean soup was just as bad; people said kittens wasn't good done that way, and the more I hollered, the more the customers wouldn't come, and them that did wanted tick. Along with the boys and their pewter pipes, them what got trust and didn't pay, and the absence of my goods, I was soon fetch'd up in the vice-sitting line; and I busted for the benefit of my creditors. But genteel. I made a raise of a horse and saw, being a wood-piller's apprentice for a while, and working till I was free, and now here comes the coal to knock this business in the head. My people's decent people, and I can't disgruntle them by turning Charcoal Jimmy, or smashing the black stones with a pickaxe. They would let me into no society at all if I did."

Here Dilly became so overcome that he sat down on a cellar door, threw his saw at a stray dog, and began to grunt and groan.

"Hey day!" said the watchman, "why aunty, what's the matter? If you don't sashay across, button your lip, and go home quietly, you and I will have to promenade all round, and swing corners into the watch-house."

"Sashay yourself!" said Dilly, "if you know how; only go away from me, and don't bother, 'cause I ain't got no time."

"What do you mean by crying here at this time of night, on a cellar door? What's your business, sir?"

"I works in timber—that's what I folter."

"You're a carpenter, I suppose, Mister?"

"No, not exactly; but I leaves wood better nor any half dozen of 'em on the Drawbridge. If it was for grief, I'd give you six and beat you, the best day you ever saw, going the rule guns and hickory; for I don't believe you're a gentleman's son—only one of your half and half, want to be and can't, or you wouldn't keep troubling a man while he's crying."

"I've an idea, my man, that you are one of the wharf rats; and, if so, the less lip you give me the better. Paddle off at once. Trip your anchor and beave ahead."

"Now don't talk unfeelingly. A man in grief is like a wood-piller in a cellar. Take care or you will crack his coco. Mind how you chuck!"

"Coco is neither here nor there; and if you don't sashay, as I said before, I'll fetch you up like a castle on a rock-line! Cry as you go, and wash the pavement; or I'll introduce you to a gentleman at the corner of Fifth and Chestnut."

The last of the speech was enough. Dilly, being naturally bashful, declined the introduction and walked off.

"I wonder," muttered Dilly, "if they wouldn't let me for a Charley? Hollering oysters and beans always give me a splendid voice, and instead of screeching 'em away, if the thieves were to hear me singing out, my style of doing it would almost make 'em to come and be tuck up. They'd feel like a bird when a snake is after it, and would walk up, and take their coat collars right into my fist. Then, after a while I'd perhaps be promoted to the fancy business of pig-ketching, which, though it is very light and witty elegant, requires genius. 'Tisn't every man that can come to the sciences in that line, and has studied the nature of a pig, so as to best him at connoisseurship, and make him a master 'cause he sees it not to be use of doing nothing. It wants learning to surpass them critics, and it's only to be done by leading 'em up handsome, skeling which ever way they skete, and tripping them up gently by shaking hands with their off hind legs. Ed-skin to pop their tails out by the roots, or to hurt their feelings by dragging 'em about by the ears."

"But what's the use? If I was listed, they'd soon find out to hold the hour and to catch the thieves by steam; yes, and they'd take 'em to court on a broad, and try 'em with boiling water—They'll soon have black jugs-mates for watchmen and constables, and big bags for judges and mayors. Pigs will be ketched by steam, and will be boiled fit to eat before they are done squealing. By and by, folks won't be of no use at all. 'There won't be no people in the world but tea-settlers; no mouths, but safety valves, and no tailing but blowing off steam.' If I had a little later inside of me, I'd turn amboins, and week days I'd run from Kensington to the Navy Yard, and Sundays I'd run to Fairmount."

From the Cleveland (Ohio) Advertiser.

THE NEW ENGLANDER.

With a few exceptions, and those among the univilized portions of the human family, no mortal is found so restless and unsettled as the New Englander. He leaves, without apparent melancholy and reluctance, the land of his nativity—the social hearth around which, he received the lessons of moral instruction,—the endeared associations of his home, where he passed the happy days of youth, the tombs of relatives, with recollections yet bright and vivid, to embrace the distant and alluring objects opened before him, in the broad fields of enterprise and promise. His watchword is onward, and yet onward still. There is scarcely a city, a village, or a hamlet, in these U. S., or adjoining territories, but in it, may be found a representation from New-England. They, with their descendants, from a most the entire population of Western New York, as well as a large part of the Northern Ohio, and are scattered in a handful intermixture through the greatness of the Mississippi. They, more than any other people carry forward the great plan of successful enterprise and unceasing prosperity. The persevering and tireless YANKEE, unlike many less determined in purpose is not drawn back from his peregrinations, and chained to his home, by an uncontrollable affection for his native green hills, smiling in the beauty of romance, and his pleasant vale, that his bones may repose amidst the venerated sepulchers of his fathers. He travels till he has found a place where he can concentrate his energies, and then fixes his new habitation—forms new connexions—lives, dies, and is buried far from the land of his childhood and youth.

These are only some of the features of the character of a New-Englander. His lineaments are almost numberless, and partake of such nice shades of difference and variety, that it is needless to attempt a minute description. Although he prizes properly his native land, and listens a moment with many firmness and dignity, to the dulcet charms of youthful friends and associations; yet the hour of his departure arrives, and he departs amid the melting benedictions of his friends to find a home in some new and unexplored "land of promise." Nor his he often unsuccessful—New-Englanders have exhibited little or no want of sagacity, in selecting or locating themselves generally at the favored points of business, and in the most promising parts of the Union.

Their activity and audacity in business exert an impulse around them; and others are encouraged by their success to put forth more efficient exertions for the attainment of great and noble objects. An honest Yankee need never be ashamed that he has come from the land of the pilgrim—that his forefathers were the men who planted deep the foundation of the beautiful superstructure of our national government, and the happy institutions which have been handed down, thus far, unimpaired; and which it is our duty to transmit unimpaired to coming generations. No! it is a matter of just felicitation, that we are so many of us, New-Englanders, and that the broad tide of population, setting so rapidly over the "Far West," bears on its bosom such a multitude, who are prominently qualified to give shape, stability, and character, to the growing millions of the "West,"

ZENO,

BCECENTRICITY.

Delaware is not only the smallest state in the union, but I venture to say, has the smallest house of worship and congregation. At Caweltown Bridge a pretty little village on the main peninsula road, about ten miles this end of Smyrna, is a "Friends" meeting house, built of brick, only about twelve feet square. Small as it is, it has all the appearances outside and in, that usually are found in these of larger dimensions. The congregations consist of one man. He is a respectable farmer, having four or five miles distant, but attends regularly twice a week, and sets out the usual time alone. I understand that he is his a bachelor; unless he takes to himself a wife, he, therefore, need not fear any of those unhappy divisions that so frequently disturb the peace of religious societies. I looked in upon him a few Sabbath evenings, but so intent was he upon his devotional meditation, that he did not observe me until the meeting was broken up, and then I found him quite a social, though solitary being.

How different must be the feeling of devotion in this small tenement, alone—from those excited in one of our fashionable churches, "glittering with polished marble and gold"—surrounded by a thousand "waving plumes" and fair faces, dazzling the eyes; while on the east,

"Feeling anthem swells with notes of praise."

Saturday News.

A Cold Wife.

Not would it have been easy even for those whose judgment was unbiased, to have laid any positive fault to Ellen's charge. There were many defects in her character; but beauty and gentle manners, in the general estimate of women, go far towards supplying their want of energy, and even their want of heart. It is as a wife that these defects appear, and grow upon the disappointed husband, like the frightful figures exhibited by a magic lantern, increasing in hideousness as they increase in magnitude and distinctness. It is when the doting lover begins to suspect that the silent virgin he had hitherto mistaken for maiden shyness, or, in reality the silence of the soul—the calm of imperturbable stagnation; when he discovers that he has devoted his first and best affections to a beautiful, but marble statue; when he returns to his house, which ought to be "an ever sunny place," and finds nothing but a yawning vacancy of a cold and cheerless void—when he pours his fresh warm feelings, that burst in unadvised language from his burning lips, upon the stony surface of an insensible heart, and that heart a woman's—it is then that he shrinks back repelled and thalassized, as if the gloomy charms he once adored were exchanged for gloom and horror.—Sarah Stickney's Home, or the Iron Rule.

EDUCATION, in a companion which no misfortune can depress—no vice destroy—an enemy alienate—no disease enslave. At home a friend—a broad introduction—in solitude a solace—in society an ornament. It shortens vice—it guides virtue—and gives strength and government to memory. Without it what is man? A splendid slave! a reasonable savage! vacillating between the rigors of an intelligence derived from God, and the degradation of brutal passion.

DR. O. D. OSGOOD,

Has removed his office to a room over DANIELS & FAY's store, where those wishing for his services, may find him at all hours, when not away on actual professional duties.

Rutland, Sept. 26, 1836. 40

TRUMAN ABELES'

New England Farmer's Almanac,

FOR the year of the Christian Era, 1837, just published, and for sale at 15c to suit purchasers, by the subscriber, at the Windsor Bookstore.

N. C. GODDARD,
Windsor, Sept. 27, 1836. 40cnewlin

STEPHEN GLEASON,
Shrewsbury, Sept. 26, 1836. 40cnew

Great Chance for a Black Smith.

TO let a Black Smith shop for one or more years and possession given immediately. A good Brick Shop with two fires and Tools if wanted; Good House and Barn and Garden Spot. This situation is in the middle of the Town of Shrewsbury and a plenty of work for 2 hands at all times; only one other shop in Town. This place lies within a short time will be sold and the former owner going West. The rent will be reasonable and pay made easy—Apply to the owner near the premises.

STEPHEN GLEASON,
Shrewsbury, Sept. 26, 1836. 40cnew

Rail Road Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that a petition will be presented to the Legislature of the State of Vermont at their next session for the grant of a Rail Road from Bennington, through the counties of Bennington, Rutland, Addison, Chittenden, and Franklin, to Canada line, in the direction of Montreal:

STEPHEN GINSUILL,
SYLVESTER DEMING,
SAMUEL CANFIELD,
C. W. CONANT,
JOHN A. CONANT,
SAMUEL SWIFT,
WILLIAM SLADE.

Sept. 7th, 1836. 30cnew

Castleton Seminary.

THE Fall and Winter Term of Castleton Seminary, will commence on Wednesday, September 21st. Each term includes two Quarters.

Board, Room-rent, Wood, Lights, and Tuition, \$100 per year, or at that rate for a less time. Vacations not included.

French, (extra) \$2 per Quarter.
Music, " 45. " "
Lectures on Chemistry, " 35. " "
Lessons in Anatomy & Physiology, " 31. " "
Washing, " 27. 1-2 per doz.

This institution continues to flourish under the supervision of Mr. L. F. CLARK, as Principal, assisted by Mr. HONORABLE BRYANT, as teacher of Languages. A teacher of first order, from the Ipswich Seminary, is engaged for the French Department, and a Lady from New York will take charge of the Department of Music. The Primary Department continues under the instruction of Miss Lyle, whose success is too well known to need comment.

The best criterion, by which to judge the future, is the past; and judging thus, we have the utmost confidence in the continued and increased prosperity of this institution. Its prospects were never more flattering than at the present. The number and character of its scholars, are the best means by which to judge of public sentiment. The number during the last term was 124.

While little regard is had to mere "display," it is intended that the institution shall be surpassed by no other in its thorough, practical mode of instruction, and its decided moral influence. The soundness of the terms, the pleasant and healthy location of the building, together with the internal arrangement, render it a place altogether to be desired by those parents, who wish to secure for their children, a thorough practical education, under circumstances where they will be comparatively free from temptation.

ZIMRI HOWE, Secretary.

Castleton, Aug. 17, 1836. 35

To those who wish to become Teachers:

THE subscriber has, from various considerations, but especially from the great demand for well qualified teachers, been induced to make the following proposal to such as wish to become teachers, but who have not the means of defraying the expenses of a thorough preparation.

Every young gentleman, or lady, of good morals, good mind, and correct habits, desirous of becoming a teacher by employing with the annexed conditions, may complete a preparation at this Seminary by paying \$100 per quarter, and the remainder in one and two years after leaving the institution.

Applicants must bring a certificate of character from the Clergyman of the place, and also from some other gentlemen of the town, where they have last resided. They must attend thoroughly to the prescribed course of studies, and sustain an examination before a committee of the Corporation, whom they shall be appurposed. Arrangements are now making by which such individuals can find almost immediate employ, when they leave the Seminary. When as many as twelve, who wish to engage as teachers at the West, shall have completed their preparation, I will go with them, and find them schools, and see them commence operations.

It is hoped a sufficient number of those, who are somewhat advanced in their studies, will enter this fall, that a company may go out the next season. The cry from a million and a half of children and youth in our land, destitute of the means of education, waives loud, and still louder, "Come and teach us."

Any letter of inquiry, either from young ladies or gentlemen, shall receive prompt attention.

L. F. CLARK,
Castleton Seminary, Aug. 17, 1836. 35

Saturday News.

HOUSE & LOT

AT AUCTION!

THE subscribers will sell at public AUCTION

on Thursday the 8th of September next, at

2 o'clock P. M., at the Inn of W. BARNES in

Shrewsbury, the HOUSE & LOT occupied by

Franklin G. Baldwin; being situated on the

turnpike in Cuttingsville, near the Coperni

Works, being centrally situated and a first rate

stand for any kind of mechanic. Also, a first rate

cow; one good cooking stove and apparatus; two

shop stoves; a nice bureau, dining chairs, tables,

&c., &c., with a variety of other household Furniture,

together with a second hand set of Blacksmith

TOOLS, bellows, anvil, vices, &c.; also a lot of

Shop TOOLS; LUMBER, and various other articles,

too numerous to mention.